

April

French NIGHT LIFE

Stories

25¢

"After the Contest, chérie," she laughed.



for MADAME

of the Roman invasion. A maid led Nanette to Madame Courcelle's boudoir at once.

Madame Courcelle was lying languorously in bed when Nanette entered the room. But the moment she saw Nanette, she sat upright. "Ah," she spoke softly. "You are the *jeune fille* who was sent here from Paris by the employment agency?"

"Oui, Madame. I am Nanette Monterau."

As she introduced herself, Nanette studied the older woman. Madame Courcelle was a voluptuous creature of arresting brunette beauty. She was wearing a thin negligee which displayed every contour of her gen-

erous breasts, her lavish hips and her lush torso. Her raven hair made startling contrast to the whiteness of her skin.

Madame Courcelle, in her turn, surveyed Nanette, who stood patiently undergoing the scrutiny of her prospective employer. At last the brunette woman spoke again:

"I am glad they sent me a blonde," she remarked. "Mais—do you fill all the requirements?"

Timidly, Nanette ventured: "What are the requirements, Madame?"

"Well, in the first place, I want a girl who has either been married, or who has had . . . experiences . . . with men."



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it, and then lay back upon her bed to dream, as she often dreamed, about the unknown and the handsome man who would some day enter her life and smother her with passion. . . .

He would be dark, she decided, and tall. He would have broad shoulders, a gentle smile, and still more gentle hands. These gentle hands of his would touch her body in intimate

places, stirring strange sensations within her. He would caress her thighs, her hips, thus. . . .

Day-dreaming in the darkness, Nanette's own hands stroked the silken softness of her flesh. There was something naughtily thrilling in the things she did to herself . . . in the way her fingers explored each nuance and contour of her body. It



"Bien, you are satisfactory—"

Substitute BRIDE

*When Victoire's
Sweetheart
Wed Another,
It Made
Him Blind
To The Charms
Of Other
Women —
Even To The
Cuddlesome
Heloise —*

By
DICK
BOWEN



THE WEDDING ceremony was over. Cleo, the Titian-haired bride, and Francois Morlay, the triumphant groom, had got into their Panhard sedan and driven off toward the suburbs where they were to spend their honeymoon. And that was that—

Victoire Poiron, who had been best man, walked toward his parked road-

ster. He felt a shy little touch on his arm, and turned around.

"Oh, it's you!" he said. And he forced himself to smile at the *petite* and cuddly Heloise Ravelle.

Under ordinary circumstances, it should have been very easy to find a smile for Heloise Ravelle. She was pretty, she was young, she was entirely feminine. Her golden hair reflected warm glints from the afternoon sunlight of Paris. Her satin



the bride of Francois Morlay. He had loved her, and he had lost her. It was a bitter pill to swallow. A wound to his pride, actually—although Victoire refused to consider it that way. He thought he had a broken heart.

Again he scowled down at the *petite blonde* Heloise. "Suppose I did love Cleo? What of it?"

Heloise smiled up at him; and if he had been sharp enough to notice it, he might have discerned a certain moisture in her lovely, azure eyes. "I—I know how you feel, Victoire," she said. "I can understand it well."

"How could you understand my feelings?" he scoffed morosely.

"Be—because I, too, have a broken

heart. I was in love with Francois Morlay . . . and now he's married to Cleo, and I've lost him forever!"

Victoire stared down at her. "You—you were in love with Francois? I hadn't suspected such a thing!" he sighed gravely. "Well, we both seem to have lost out at the game of hearts. What do you suggest?"

"Let's go to my apartment and get very, very drunk!" Heloise answered audaciously.

"I had intended to get drunk alone. But since we are both in the same boat, I suppose it would be fitting for us to drown our sorrows in collaboration." And Victoire helped the cuddly little golden-haired Heloise into his roadster.

A little later, they were in her apartment; and the first bottle of cognac was already nearly half emptied. They were sitting silently on the divan. Once every now and then, Heloise would snuggle a little closer to Victoire, as if seeking comfort of his masculine shoulder. If he'd had his wits about him, he could have seen with half an eye that she was inviting his arm to slide around her delicious waist. . . .

But he didn't have his wits about him. He didn't have anything about him except despair, because Cleo, the girl he loved, had gone and got herself married to Francois Morlay.

Eventually, Heloise got up from the divan. "The cognac makes one feel warm," she complained a bit tipsily. "Wait here while I get out of this dress for something cooler."

Victoire nodded without looking at her.

She left the room, went into her boudoir. Swiftly she divested herself of the satin frock she had worn as bridesmaid at the wedding a little



"You are magnifique—but this brassiere, bab,

"*Ma chérie*," Manager Brielle broke in. "The model's figure is as important as the gown. Many of our customers are ladies whose youthful curves have vanished. In the model they see charms which they once possessed. They believe they will recapture them by wearing the gown. *Tiens*, they buy. *Allons*, mademoiselle, remove your dress."

Sue Chavaux was no prude, but to stand *au naturel* before the eyes of this middle aged man was distasteful. But, she needed a job, and if disrobing was necessary in order to get it—well—Sue reached to the hem of her skirt. Slowly she raised the gown and drew it off over her head.

Sue felt her whole body flush as

she laid her dress on a chair. She felt the avid eyes of the manager devouring her. She stood there clad in filmy panties and a zephyr brassiere behind which her youthful thrusting breasts rose and fell violently.

Gaspard Brielle rubbed his fat hands together. "Charmant! Gorgeous!" he said.

Which was no exaggeration. Sue Chavaux was really ravishing with milky satiny skin without a blemish. Her rounded shoulders were majestically curved and snowy. Her hips were firm flesh of lyre contours that melted smoothly into vibrant thighs of peerless proportion.

The sheer brassiere which Sue wore did little to conceal the full globes



you must not wear it!"

his clammy fingers. He squeezed her warm trembling body against his bulky one. "You are hired, mademoiselle."

"*Merci*, thanks, monsieur." Sue was glad that the hiring ordeal was over. Now she could put on her dress. She reached for it. But at that moment Gaspard Brielle sat down on the garment and dragged the chair to a table. He motioned to another chair beside himself and handed her a printed form. "Please fill this in, mademoiselle."

Sue sat down, her naked breasts bulging over the table edge. She started to write on the application form. There was a line for her name, age and other details concerning her personal life. Sue hesitated and glossed lightly over a section of the blank. It asked about a part of her life which she wanted to forget.

Sue Chavaux had once loved a man whom she now hated. She had lived with him, had expected to marry him. And then she had discovered that he was an *Apache*, a crook. She had dropped from his life. She hoped that the management would never learn about that.

At last, Sue Chavaux was dressed and leaving the office. Gaspard Brielle's voice was oily, expectant when he said, "Be nice to me mademoiselle. You will go far as a model here. . . ."

For two months Sue Chavaux had modeled gowns in the fashionable salon of Molin and Son. At this moment she was gliding like a wraith over the thick carpet. Matronly ladies peered through their pince-nez while their elderly masculine escorts widened their eyes as Sue walked near them, flashing a bare thigh from the silver disked foamy negligee she wore; rolling an inviting hip enshrouded

of taut flesh behind them. Their outer slopes were revealed in all their glory and the tiny pinnacles at their centers poked threateningly at their covering.

"*En vérité*, you are magnifique, mademoiselle! But this brassiere. Bah! You must not wear it." With a quick movement he unclasped the wisp of silk and tossed it to the chair. Sue gasped as her naked breasts popped to freedom in all their loveliness, their center sentinels tinted and flinty in their ecrû crinkly nests. "Devastating, mademoiselle!" Gaspard Brielle's hand clamped on her bare shoulder, slid downward over the throbbing flesh of the bosom.

Sue steeled herself at the touch of

der. Sue turned and looked into the grim features of the store detective. "Just a moment, mademoiselle," he said in a low tone. "Come to my office quietly, *que voulez-vous?*"

"Hein, what for monsieur?"

"For shoplifting, mademoiselle."

Sue gasped, "I—I have taken nothing!"

The store detective reached into



the pocket of the coat on Sue's arm. He partly withdrew a pearl necklace. "In *fragrante delicto*, you are caught!"

Sue's brain whirled. The *Apache*—her old lover who had stopped her at the jewelry counter. He must have taken that necklace and put it in her pocket, framed her. And now, if she went with the detective she would be arrested; never be able to get another job. She would be accused of being a crook's accomplice.

Terror-stricken, Sue suddenly turned and ran out into the alley where other employees wedged along the passage. She squirmed, shoved past them and reached the street. She hesitated, looked around. She must get away before an alarm was raised. Sue

darted across the sidewalk into the street. She ran behind a parked limousine and crouched by its outer side.

She looked into the car. It was unoccupied. She might hide in there for a few moments. Cautiously she opened the door, crawled in and crouched on the floor in the rear. Heart thumping, she huddled in the darkness. There was a slight lurch on the running board. The front door opened and someone got in. The car moved away from the curb and into the traffic.

After traveling several blocks Sue peeped over the back of the seat. The car was being driven by a uniformed chauffeur in an outside section. A man occupied the front seat. And as he looked toward the sidewalk, Sue saw his features. Her lips parted. He was the dark-haired young man who had accompanied the elderly woman into the salon earlier in the day. He heard the little gasp which escaped her throat and turned.

He started and then regained his composure. "Well, a stowaway, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Sue Chavaux's heart turned over. What could she tell him? "I—I was nearly run down in traffic," she lied. "I was so frightened that I was afraid I'd faint. I—I got in here, monsieur!"

The young man climbed into the rear. He helped her from the floor. She felt his eyes on her rain-soaked figure; saw his glance rest on the swells of her breasts so taut against the wet material of her blouse. "Better put on your coat," he said and draped the garment around her.

"Oui, yes," she replied. Sue trembled. For that pearl necklace was in her pocket. "Mais, but I am all right now, monsieur. You will let me out?"

"Non, non, mademoiselle. I shall



TERRY TRASK emerged from the rattletrap Parisian taxi, paid his fare, hefted his two Gladstone bags and ascended the front steps of the pension at No. 243 Rue Esplanade. He knocked on the door of the *concierge's* apartment.

The door opened; and Terry thought he had been miraculously wafted from Paris to Paradise. Standing before him in the doorway was The Most Beautiful Girl In The World.

She had hair like spun midnight, eyes like dark stars, lips like fresh-plucked poppies and a dainty, elfin figure as slim and alluring as a Chopin nocturne. Her legs were stock- ingless, smooth and straight. Her hips were twin slender symmetries of unmatured feminine perfection. Through her cheap cotton dress

could be seen the budding swells of her young, rounded breasts. Delights to dream about, her breasts were. Her tight little frock could not conceal their lovely, youthful contours; and through the thin cotton cloth Terry Trask thought he could discern a faint hint of soft, rosebud- pink centers. . . .

So unexpected and so utterly enticing was this vision in the doorway, that Terry Trask momentarily lost his powers of articulation; couldn't find his voice. He had been all ready to explain his presence here; had been ready to go into details—

Back in New York, just before he'd left for a month's vacation in France, Terry Trask had been visited by his friend Jeff Jarvis, who was an artist.

"Look, Terry," Jeff Jarvis had said. "You know I've been intending to spend a year in Paris, brushing up



Terry had arranged a party in his studio.

By Mlle. Renee

HIDDEN CHARMS

The *concierge* had insisted upon posing for Terry, the supposed artist—



Rue Esplanade place I rented? You might as well live in it and make some use of it; otherwise it will remain unoccupied until I get there. The rent's all paid—so go ahead and use the joint."

"Well, all right," Terry Trask had finally accepted gratefully. "And thanks a million."

"Don't mention it, old man," Jeff Jarvis had answered.

And so now, here was Terry Trask in Paris; about to take possession of the studio-apartment which his friend Jeff Jarvis had loaned to him. But the sight of this slim, elfin, dark-haired girl in the *concierge's* doorway left Terry Trask completely bereft of the power of speech.

The girl, after looking at him for

on my portraiture technic. But something's come up that will delay my voyage for another thirty days or so."

"Okay. So what?" Terry Trask had asked.

"Well, I've already rented a studio-apartment in Paris, on the Rue Esplanade," Jeff Jarvis had answered. "I arranged everything by cablegram; even shipped my art-equipment over to furnish the joint. But now I won't be able to leave New York for at least a month. Meanwhile, you're headed for Paris for a month's vacation. Why don't you move into this

Then he looked at the chunky, auburn-haired girl. She had wide shoulders and slinky hips and . . . er, red hair. Oodles of it! It hung down over her shoulders, almost covering the taut mounds of her breasts, so that the crimson tips peeped out through the straying auburn locks. . . .

Terry arose from his bed. Somehow, he didn't feel the slightest desire to make love to either of these *femmes*, even though there was plen-

He had provided a stock of cognac. . . .



ty of invitation in the way they looked at him. He still kept thinking of that little one downstairs—Madelon Descamps. Queer, how perverse a man's desires can be at times! Offer him cake and he'll want pie. It was that way with Terry. Here was plenty being offered him; but all he could think about was Madelon

—the girl who had offered him nothing at all!

The more he thought about the diminutive Madelon, the more he had a burning, engulfing desire to see her *au naturel*—as these two girls in his apartment were. And then an idea hit him. A plan whereby he might gain his desire. . . .

tance to view her thus, for fear there might be something wrong with her lovely body. . . .

If that were really true, his air-castles would be shattered; his heart broken. . . .

There came a knock on the door of his apartment. He answered the summons—and into the room trooped three girls, laughing, chuckling, poisoning themselves flauntingly. There was Colette, the lush and voluptuous



concierge; and there were those other two girls: the auburn-haired, chunky one, and the willowy blonde. All were clad in revealing, clinging, diaphanous pajamas which displayed intimate glimpses of feminine charms.

And then came little Madelon, garbed in pajamas of some heavy cotton stuff, unrevealing in the extreme. She looked unhappy, frightened, miserable — as if she were

dreading something to come. . . .

Terry Trask had provided a stock of cognac; and now the brandy began to flow like ice-water. Soon, without Terry having to give any signal, Colette and those other two girls suddenly began to shed their pajamas and dance about the studio in nude abandon. But Madelon—

Madelon was shivering in a corner; had not made any move to divest herself of her pajamas. Terry Trask went toward her. "Madelon—are you not going to . . . do as your sister and these other girls have done?"

"*Non Monsieur!* I—I cannot—"

"*Mais, pourquoi?* But why?"

"Because—I am ugly! My body is hideously ugly, Monsieur! I am ashamed to have you see me . . . that way—"

At this point the willowy blonde came up. "Nonsense!" she hiccupped. "Don't be a kill-joy! If the Monsieur wishes you to remove your pajamas, do so!" And she grabbed at Madelon's pajama-coat, yanked at it—

The garment split, tore, came away in the blonde's hands. Madelon stood there for a single, frightened instant, naked to the waist. Her lovely young breasts were firm little oranges of ivory, tipped with tiny maraschino cherries. Her nude body was a lilt-ing symphony of cream-smooth flesh and unmaturred curves. . . .

With a tiny cry, she covered her breasts with her palms and raced out of the room.

Terry Trask leaped after her. To hell with her sister, Colette! To hell with those other two dames! They were busy at the cognac, anyhow. They wouldn't miss their host. . . . And meanwhile, Terry's heart was pounding, pounding, as he ran down



MAID *on the* FARM



IN her thin summer dress wringing wet and clinging to every curve and swell, Yvonne scampered through the heavy down-pour toward the only visible shelter. Before she reached the stalled car, she felt as though she had no clothes at all. Even her little overnight bag was soggy, and twice as heavy as it had been when the sun was shining.

Yvonne twisted the handle of the closed door, then hammered frantically on the glass. Immediately the door swung open, and without a word she climbed in and slammed it

after her. She parted her rain soaked hair that had begun to fall over her eyes, and looked into a sun-tanned, humorous, face, set above broad shoulders.

"Well," said a masculine voice, "being stalled in the rain on a country road in France may not be so bad after all."

"Monsieur is—*American*?" asked Yvonne, taking a sudden interest in her unexpected host.

"How did you guess it? How come you speak English? Never mind—don't tell me, let me guess. What you have to do right now is to get out of those wet clothes or I'll have a

and hollow with skin tight fidelity. She turned, fighting her way through the water, to the faucet, but by the time she shut it off she had been hopelessly soaked. As she bent, Bill caught a glimpse of deliciously rounded hips which made his head reel.

Yvonne turned and ruefully surveyed herself. "Now see what you've gone and done!" she stormed. "If it hadn't been for you I wouldn't be all soaked and catching pneumonia."

"It seems to me that the first time I met you I kept you from catching pneumonia. We will have to do the same thing again." He slipped out of his coat, flung it into the car, and rolled up his sleeves. Then he advanced on Yvonne, and picked her up as though she had been an infant. "Where do we go from here?" he asked.

"Look out," she said, "I am making you all wet."

"Shut up. Where do I take you to dry off?"

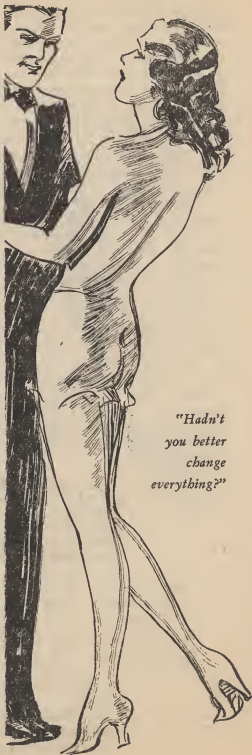
"Well," she said shyly, "I have a towel in my room."

Without a word Bill kicked open the farmhouse door and carried her up the steps. "This is my room," she said, pointing at a door as he passed it. He strode into the room, and stood her on a little rug in the center; then pulled a big rough towel from the rack and handed it to her.

"Anything else?" he asked.

"Some dry clothes, if you don't mind—there in the closet."

Bill turned and began rummaging through a pile of feminine garments, finally emerging with what he thought Yvonne would need. Behind him he heard a faint rustling. He turned to face her and the dry clothes slipped from his nerveless fingers. Yvonne, probably worrying



*"Hadn't
you better
change
everything?"*

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